

Eng. Poetry vol. 49.
F A S H I O N.

A
P O E M.

— — — Si volet Usus

Quem penes Arbitrium est.

HOR.

CUSTOM is the Plague of Wise Men, and the Idol of Fools.

BATH: PRINTED BY R. CRUTTWELL;

AND SOLD BY

F. NEWBERRY, at the CORNER of ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD, LONDON.

MDCCLXXV.

NO. 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12.

M. H. C. P.



Hon.

Custom is the Plague of Wise Men, and the Idol of Fools.

PRINTED BY R. CRUTCHFIELD

NEW YORK: J. H. MASON & CO. 15 NASSAU ST. LONDON: J. H. MASON & CO. 15 NASSAU ST.

MDCCLXXV

To Mrs. H A L L,

Of *Tottenham High Cross.*

Dear Madam,

DEDICATIONS to great Personages very frequently carry the air of adulation and insincerity: I am too proud, though an humble individual, to flatter any person, however exalted in rank or power. This address, MADAM, is a debt of gratitude; though a very inadequate one, I must confess, for the many repeated favours with which YOU have been ever pleased to honour me and mine. I could expatiate upon the sincerity of
your

your friendship, the benevolence of your disposition, the goodness of your heart,--were they not already happily experienced by all those who have the pleasure to know You; and to those who have not, I would avoid giving the least pretence to suspect me of flattery or compliment.

I am, DEAR MADAM,

Your most affectionate and obliged

Friend and Servant,

The AUTHOR.



F A S H I O N.

TRUE TASTE, with an unerring sense,

Refuses what may give offence,

Is not confin'd to place or time,

But to the *graceful* and *sublime*:

From *Nature* draws her just conclusion,

And not from *caprice* or *illusion*.

To *her* the *Sister Arts* we owe,

And all that we, of Beauty, know.

She

She gave MÆONIDAS his fire,
 And strung the MANTUAN POET's lyre;
 HORACE thro' flow'ry *Pindus* led,
 And with her laurels bound his head:
 By *her* inspir'd great MILTON sung,
 And warbled with an Angel's tongue:
 To GLOVER *he* bequeath'd his lyre,
 And warm'd his soul with *Spartan* fire.
 POPE "lisp'd in numbers as they came,"
 Hyblæan sweet, ensur'd by Fame.

Nature, attir'd in all her charms,
 Clasp'd SHAKESPEARE fondly to her arms,
 Pleas'd with her choice, enlarg'd his mind,
 Like *her* immortal, unconfi'd:
 Taught him the passions to controul,
 And all the feelings of the soul.

Behold

Behold—*he* waves her magic rod,
 And every *Muse* obeys his nod;
 Owns with a crouch'd, obsequious knee,
 “*The God of her idolatry.*”

Deep in *Golconda's* rocky mines
 The valued gem obscurely shines;—
 Polish'd—no more her flames she hides,
 But blazes from a thousand sides.

The glorious orbs, which glittering move
 In the blue firmament above,
 Long shone by gazing worlds ador'd,
 Their circling motions unexplor'd;
Nature and *Nature's* laws, unknown,
 Immortal NEWTON made his own,
 Instructive taught mankind to trace
 The vast immensity of space.

B

So

So GARRICK, from Chaotic night,
 The *British Drama* drew to light,
 Brought SHAKESPEARE on his fairy ground,
 And bad him beam his glories round.

Nature inspir'd, what ANSTEY writ,
 With all her *humour* and her *wit*.

WHITEHEAD! To teach what Men should be,
Satire gave all her power to *thee*,

Not dipp'd in gall—tho' arm'd with steel,

Its edge—the *conscious guilty* feel,

And feel alone:—'Tis *Virtue's* cause,

Her keenest shaft when *Satire* draws,

And dares, like *thee*, in honest rhimes

To lash the folly of the times.

Well may we greet the happy age

Enrich'd with MELMOTH's classic page;

With,

With, WEBB, thy honey-dropping lore,
Glean'd from the Muses' treasur'd store.

Sculpture in full meridian shone,
And breath'd a soul in living stone.

The *Mimic Art* of all the rest
Had not her hidden charms exprest;
In *tints*, in great *designs perspective*,
Still far inferior, and defective.

The way, divine URBINO led:
His faithful thoughts on canvas spread,
(*Just, simple, elegant, sublime*),
Defy the envious hand of time.

CORREGGIO, emulous of fame,
Next in the list of Painters came;

From

From *Nature's* comprehensive whole,
TITIAN his soft expression stole.

Fain wou'd I, GAINSBOROUGH, proclaim,
And down to time consign thy name,
But my unfledg'd, though willing Muse
Denies my too ambitious views;—
Thy pencil wants no poet's aid,
But by itself—is self repaid.

Nor can, dear HOARE, such verse as mine
Add to thy chaste, yet bold design:
'Tis said, to breathe in clay a soul,
His fire from Heaven *Prometheus* stole;
That fire to *thee*, it freely gives,
For lo! each Portrait *speaks* and *lives*.

And shall not, PINE, thy worth be known,
Who mak'st the *passions* all thy own? See

See from thy canvas *furies* rise,
 And flash from fierce MEDEA's eyes;
 Bold and determin'd, *Warren*^(a) stands,
 And with his sword—secures his lands.
 Mark where the *Captive Chieftains*^(b) lower,
 Unaw'd by garter'd EDWARD's pow'r;
 And resolute, in fullen gloom,
 Dauntless await their threaten'd doom.

BAMPFYLDE, thy pencil just and true
 From *Nature* all her beauties drew;

So

(a) *Earl of Warren*—in the year 1280, and the eighth of *Edward* the first. Vide *Tindal's History of England*, Vol. I. page 359.

(b) *Eustace de St. Pierre*, and five others of the principal Burghers of *Calais*, offer'd themselves to *Edward* the III^d. at the siege of that place, to preserve the lives of their fellow-citizens, but were pardoned at the intercession of the Queen: This memorable event happened in the year 1347. *Id.* Vol. I. page 426.

So like—that *she* with wonder fees
 The verdant luxury of trees,
 Whose animated branches live
 With all the glow which tints can give.

The studied verse, and rounded phrase,
 Nor the rich colouring of praise,
 To TAYLOR honours can impart:—
Imagination, Nature, Art,
 With him, creative *Fancy*, dwell,
 And shall not HE with these excel?

Thus *Taste*, and *Nature*, when conjoin'd
 Improve the intellectual mind;
 They, warm'd by FREEDOM's genial ray,
 Their beauties to the world display,
 And chace the *Gothic* clouds away.

Science

Science and Arts AUGUSTUS plac'd
 Next to his Throne;—his Throne they grac'd;
 Honour'd for this, in classic page,
 He lives to every future age.

WE have our great AUGUSTUS now,
 ETERNITY shall crown his brow;
 Poets of high, yet mortal name,
 Sublimely sung the *Roman's* fame,
 But Angels, as his just reward,
 Our CÆSAR's glories shall record:—
 Glories which beam'd around his realm,
 When NORTH untainted steer'd the helm;
 Admir'd for virtues truly great,
 Became the Champion of the State:
 Who scorn'd the Politician's arts,
 But won with honesty our hearts,

Who

Who firm, unshaken as a rock,
 Met the loud storm, nor fear'd it's shock,
 Who tho' a Statesman, yet a Friend,
 Took patient *Merit* by the hand.
 When future times his deeds relate,
 And *Truth* unfolds the springs of state,
 His Country's Good, 'twill then be known,
 To HIM WAS DEARER THAN HIS OWN.^(a)

The *Scavoir Vivre*, and *Virtù*,
 Are phantoms which mankind pursue;
 Aërial figures *Folly* frames,
 Exist in nothing, but their names:

Then

(a) What was formerly said of the illustrious BOCHART de CHAM-
 PIGNE, might as aptly and with as much propriety be applied to this
 great and able Minister, — *Ditare Patriam maluit quam domum, nihilque
 inde præter muneris recte et sancte gesti gloriam referre voluit.*

Pensees ingenieuses du P. Bouhours. p. 171.

Then why implicit faith bestow
 On Idols—which we do not know?
True Taste is *Fancy's* darling child,
 And is not *gay, fantastic, wild;*
 By *Knowledge* ripen'd, *Science* bred,
 She comes “like *Pallas*—from the head.”
 And yet so like *Bon Ton* her brother,
 You might mistake the one for t'other:
 But, if you once examine nice,
 You see the difference in a trice:
He with the times will veer about,
 A perfect Courtier—in—or out:—
 A *top*, a *shuttlecock*, a *feather*,
 As shifting as the wind and weather:
She, led by steady Observation,
 Ne'er changes fix'd determination,
 Nor needs it—for in *Wisdom's* scale
 Her judgment ballanc'd cannot fail.

Yet—so it is—by Caprice blinded,
 She by mankind is scarcely minded ;—
 But, right or wrong,—*Bon Ton* is follow'd,
 And what he says—as Gospel swallow'd.
 He, like a fashionable rover,
 Had made the tour of *Europe* over,
 Brought *pictures, gems, entaglias* home,
 Cameos made by S—^(a) at *Rome* !
 All warranted for true *Antiques*,
 The labour'd works of skilful *Greeks* !

This is a *Claude*, a *Raphael*, *Titian*,
 See in what keeping!—high condition!
 He fwears (tho' they are copies all)
 The pictures are—original.

In *Musick*—he's a *conoscente*,
 There is not one like him in twenty:—

Ah!

(a) A famous German Baron, Antiquarian, and Cicerone, well known to the English nobility and gentry.

Ah! la cara cantatrice!

Dio! chi'o son felice!

And yet he knows not *flat* from *sharp*,

A *Hurdy-Gurdy*—from—a *Harp*.

He next descants on *Architecture*,

And on *Palladio* gives a lecture;

Will draw a plan or elevation

With seeming art and penetration;

Yet all he knows from books he stole,

From JONES, SCAMOZZI, and VIGNOLE.^(a)

In *Gard'ning*, tho' a very ninny,

He tops LE NOSTRE and QUINTINNIE.

WISE, LONDON, FAIRCHILD, MILLER, BRADLEY,

And LAWRENCE, did their business sadly.

What are your thoughts of RICHMOND, BROWN?^(b)

—I know not, Sir, such men in town.—

Hence

^(a) Famous Architects.

^(b) Celebrated French and English Gardeners.

Hence Blockhead, and no more pretend
To what you do not understand.

These are our *Men of Fashion*:—True,
“*Europe* they saw—it saw them too.”
To foreign climes, unpolish’d sent,
They come—as wisely as they went.
What learnt they for their vast expence?
—Oh! they can *ride*, and *dance*, and *fence*.—
And nothing else save such devices?—
—Yes—they import their *dress* and *vices*.

Manners and *Modes* (nor is it strange)
With every trifling whim will change,
The *fashion* of to-day will vary,
And be to-morrow quite contrary.

What’s FRIENDSHIP? (pardon the digression)
Why, complimentary, smooth expression:

Friendship!—alas! look all around,
 Where is this precious jewel found?
 Search every corner of the land,
 And seek that *Phoenix* called—a Friend.
 Full vain wou'd be the arduous task!—
 For *Fallacy* assumes her mask;
 You'd scarce discover the deception,
 Unless endow'd with keen perception;
 'Tis then you may detect the cheat,
 And all her fyren arts defeat.

You'll find her most in *Fortune's* train,
 Where riches, pomp, and splendor reign;
Merit and *poverty*, she shuns,
 As spendthrift heirs wou'd threat'ning duns;
She, bred in Courts, has all their tricks,
 And knows on whom, and where to fix.

Friendship from generous *Virtue* springs,
 And cannot mix with baser things;

She

*She dwells not with the ermin'd robe,
The gem-deck'd crown, imperial globe,
With scepter'd Chiefs, or royal Thrones;—
Her worth, not purpled greatness, owns.*

*It is th' attraction of the heart,
Which only can her sweets impart,—
The true conformity of minds,
Which, more than struſtile cement, binds,
Concentric as the genial heat,
Which gives the noble heart to beat.*

*Friendſhip, I'll ne'er contract in haſte,
Left it, perchance, may be miſplac'd;
But once determin'd in my choice,
I'll ne'er permit Detraction's voice,
With breath polluted, to offend
The reputation of my friend;
And ſhould misfortunes overtake him,
In thoſe, I never wou'd forſake him;*

But, as in wedlock, freely share
In all his pleasure, all his care.

The Man who bends the pregnant knee,
Or oils his tongue with *flattery*,
Who meanly fawns to serve his ends,
Will squeeze you warmly by the hands,
And promise—what he ne'er intends,
I ever wou'd with horror shun,
As the dread gates of *Acheron*.

The *Bon Ton* is perpetual motion,
For ever changing as the ocean,
Just as the giddy humour guides—
Now this applauds, next that derides :
The genius and the trim of places
Differ as widely as our faces;
And who'd dispute, however mettled,
What *Custom* once has firmly settled?

Befmear'd

Besmear'd with grease, in skins 'attir'd,
 The *Hottentots* are self admir'd;
 A dress!—wou'd fright our *Beaux* and *Belles*!
 —And who cou'd bear their hideous smells?
 Yet—still the more bedawb'd and greas'd,
 The more they stink—the more they're pleas'd.

Now, in embroidery and lace,
 Beyond the *Cape*, for once we'll place
 A *Maccaroni a L' Inglese* ;—
 Those savages wou'd think *him* crazy:
 His spindle shanks, and modish socks,
 Tremendous tail, and curled locks,
 Wou'd call the gaping tribes about *him*—
 —As *we* shou'd them, so wou'd *they* flout *him*.
 Suppose again—*une Dame Anglaise*,
 On whom *we* all admiring gaze,

Shou'd

Shou'd 'midst their *sooty Belles* be plac'd
 In all the elegance of Taste,
 The spreading *Fardingal*, *Commode*,
 The rising *Tete—tout a-la-mode*,
 The dress with *us* which might besit her,
 Wou'd only serve to make them titter;—
 The *Crossa*^(a) on their greasy back,
 They'd not exchange for Madam's *Sacque*.

There are (as I have somewhere read,
 But troth my memory is bad,
 Nor can I recollect the place)
 Who court you to their *Wives' embrace*;
 Their Daughters too will introduce;—
 —Such favours who can well refuse,
 That has the pow'r to pick and chuse?

D

Indeed

(a) A Mantle so called, worn by these Savage Females.

Indeed examples may be found
 Where this is done on Christian ground:
 But then, if all be rightly told,
 With *Those*—'tis Mode,—with *Us*—'tis Gold:
 They do it—out of pure compassion,—
 It is with them—the *pink of Fashion*.

In *Europe*, wou'd a Lady's zeal,
 For all the love she seems to feel
 When *Spoufy's* life she cannot save,
 Engage her to attend his grave?
 And there from chaste and fond affect,
Herself her funeral pile erect?
 With *Us*, it is more prudent reckon'd,
 When one is gone—to *chuse a second*.

Customs like these, in places torrid,
 With us in *Europe* are too horrid.
 But why to distant *Climates* roam?
Customs will differ nearer home.

Yon *Prig*,—how spruce he wears his club!—
 Was late an unlick'd, country cub:
 Bred to weigh plumbs, and scrape the shop:—
 —The death of Friends—makes him a Fop:
 No more he deigns to deal in plumbs,
 He—jaunts to *Balls, Assemblies, Drums*.
 Why all this bustle and parade?
 Had he not better stick to trade?
 Trade, Sir!—may be your fav'rite passion—
 —But—*dem me—I'm a Man of Fashion*.

Dutchmen, on plodding commerce bent,
 Consider naught but *cent. per cent*;
 They know of trade the various tricks,
 And there, their *summum bonum* fix.

A *Frenchman* knows no other joys
 Save when he dances, sings, or toys;

He

He is—as form'd by Madam *Nature*,
Tout acheve—a petit Maitre,
 Will give attendance at the *Ruelle*,
 Will fight a Battle or a Duel;
 Yet after all—his only view, is
The paltry Cross of good Saint Lewis.

The *Russian* Lady cannot boast
 That she like *ours* can rule the roast—
 For sure as Madam falls a snubbing,
 The beastly Man—bestows a drubbing:—
 Nor is she ever known to grumble,—
 The more he whips, the more she's humble;
 And, if he once a day not beats her,
 She vows—*he most unkindly treats her*:
Our Wives cajole like coaxing Witches,
 And in defiance wear the Breeches:
 Much must be done, for peace and quiet,
 And who dare contradict their fiat?

Woe

Woe to the Man whom *Deary* scorns!

His head is sure to sprout with horns.

The *Russian* marks his love with blows,

With *Us* it is—*toute autre chose*.

Of *Spanish* Dames how hard the lot!

For, foon as *Hymen* ties the knot,

The poor *Senhora* is immur'd,

By bolts and bars, her fame secur'd:

Can bolts, or bars, or locks, prevent,

When Woman on Intrigue is bent?

Here *Custom* sure but ill contrives;—

There is no guard 'gainst wanton Wives.

Alike, the jealous *Portuguese*

Keeps Madam under locks and keys;

Bribes (so suspicious all his notions)

Duenna—to observe her motions:—

Were

Were I a Wife!—by every Saint
 I swear, I wou'd not brook restraint;
 But, in defiance of my Spouse,
 Clap antlers on th' *Hidalgo's*^(a) brows.

Not so the gay *Hesperian* Wife,
 She leads a more luxurious life,
 Lays to her *Cicisbeo* claim,
 As sole *Director* of her fame;
 Nor must her kind and b'lieving Mate
 Dare once disturb their *Tete-a-Tete*,
 But, since it is the Country Fashion,
 Leave all to Madam's own discretion,
 Content, so she with prudent cunning
 Can keep her Neighbours' tongues from running.

Be this establiſh'd as a rule;—
There is no test for Ridicule.

^(a) A Portuguese word for a Gentleman.

Nature's invariably the same,
Our *Follies* only merit blame
Which give to *Modes* and *Customs* birth:
'TIS THEY MISLEAD US SONS OF EARTH.

F I N I S.

Which give to Modes
Our Follies only merit blame
Which give to Modes
Our Follies only merit blame
Which give to Modes
Our Follies only merit blame



F I N I S

TO
W
T